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been no attempt made by the Chickering's to delude the public by advance puffs, or by false statements of first medals won over all the rest of the world. The only machinery used being the republication of critical articles taken from the leading musical journals of Paris and elsewhere. They raised no flags to commemorate a triumph that had not been achieved, and therefore had no occasion to pull them down in sight of jeering observers. In short, they trusted in the merits of their magnificent pianos, and in the discrimination and impartiality of the juries, and verily, they have got their reward.

Thus ends the great Piano competition of 1867, which excited the most absorbing interest, not only in this country, but in Europe. The competitors were eminent, so that he who came out best in the fight, could claim without controversy the high honor of superior excellence over all others. The struggle was close and earnest, but an American firm finally won, to the chagrin and disappointment of all.

The Chickering's have got a Gold Medal of honor, and from the same royal hands which presented it, and in order to more pointedly mark the appreciation of the eminent services rendered by the Chickering's in developing and perfecting the piano-forte, their representative in Paris, Mr. C. F. Chickering, received the unexampled tribute to genius and practical skill, the

DECORATION OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

They may now raise their flag without fear of being questioned, and without the necessity of taking it down again. They have won the right, and their banner should be thus inscribed :—

Paris Exposition, July 1st, 1867.

THE GOLD MEDAL OF HONOR!



THE DECORATION OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.
CHICKERING & SONS.

The end has come, and henceforth we shall have but little to say, of the great Piano-forte Controversy of the eventful year 1867.

TERRACE GARDEN CONCERTS.

This delightful place of amusement is now in the full tide of success. The place is literally thronged every fair night by the best people in the city. The return of Mr. Theodore Thomas, has given increased vi-

tality to the programmes, and the new pieces he has brought with him are most charming features in the bill.

The programme for the third Sunday evening concert (to-morrow night) is a fine one, and will attract the accustomed over-flowing audience.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN TRIUMPH OF WHEELER & WILSON.

One of the most gratifying results of the Paris Exposition, is the well-deserved honor conferred upon the well-known firm of WHEELER & WILSON. They have for years stood in the front rank of manufacturers of Sewing Machines in this country, and their name has become a household word throughout Europe. Their machines have a worldwide reputation for thorough excellence and perfect work, and they have always been the foremost in the march of improvement until it is almost impossible to conceive that anything can be added to their machines to achieve any greater perfection. So proud a position could hardly need an added honor, but Europe has conferred upon them so distinguished a reward, that all will acknowledge now, that they stand above all, the first makers in the world. They had eighty-two first class competitors in the Paris Exposition, but the jury awarded to Wheeler & Wilson, the *only Gold Medal, for the most perfect Sewing Machine*; thus placing them at the head of all Sewing Machine manufacturers both in Europe and America. This is their due; they have earned it, and we rejoice at their success.

[From the London Musical World.]

"ST. PAUL" AT VIENNA.

BY ROBERT SCHUMANN.

St. Paul has at length been performed here, thus arriving last of all at the greatest musical town of Germany. That Mendelssohn's works have till now found so little favor in Vienna, is a fact so closely connected with the musical life of the place as to be worth considering by itself, and I shall return to the subject at another time. Meanwhile I will only say that the Viennese are absolutely incredulous as to the capacities of all foreign musical celebrities (with the exception of an Italian or two); but once win their hearts, and you may turn them and twist them as you like, they will smother you with praises and embraces. There is a clique here, the descendant of those which hissed off Mozart's *Don Giovanni* and Beethoven's Overture to *Leonora*, a clique who pretend that Mendelssohn composes nothing that can be understood, who have an idea that they can put a stop to his fame by a volley of pitchforks and sticks, or weapons equally

rude; in a word, as contemptible and ignorant a crew, and as incapable of either judgment or action, as the wiseacres of any tenth-rate village.

To destroy such pygmies as these requires no apostolic thunder; a mere frown from the proper person is enough to crush them. But *St. Paul* really worked miracles. The audience were actually kindled into a blaze of enthusiasm by its continued succession of beauties. Such fulness, such masterly power, and above all, such enchanting melody, were utterly unexpected. When I counted the people at the end of the performance there were as many as at the beginning! and one must know Vienna to understand the full meaning of that fact. As yet, there has not been much love lost between Vienna and the Oratorios of three hours' duration. But *St. Paul* has broken the spell. What more shall I say? Every number told, three were loudly encored, and at the end there was universal applause. Gyrowetz declared that "in his opinion it was the greatest work of modern times;" and old Seyfried that "he never thought that he should live to hear anything like it in his old age." In short, the victory was a perfect triumph. Considering that the orchestra had only two rehearsals, one cannot but feel vast respect for the ability of the Viennese. The performance was not perfect, indeed it was not to be expected; but a chorus that sings with all its might, and requires to be repressed rather than encouraged, is seldom met with in north Germany, where they persist in keeping their books before their faces, and are only too glad if they get through without breaking down. The Viennese are quite peculiar in their singing; once set them off, and they sing away like a cage full of canaries. The solos were well enough given, though not by the first celebrities of the town; but some, for instance, the bass, were remarkably good. The performances were under the direction of the Society of Amateurs, a most praiseworthy body which has lately shown signs of great activity. Dr. Edler von Sonnleithner deserves especial mention, to whose indefatigable exertions the success of the undertaking was chiefly due; the difficulty of getting together an orchestra of a hundred members in this place is inconceivable, though with more unity of purpose and more concentration of means, it would be easy to form one of a thousand or more. Therefore, honor be to all those who by their love and devotion have been the means of introducing this work, this treasure of our time, to the many genuine lovers of music in Vienna. It could not fail to leave an impression even on the mass of the people, and the call of "Sleepers, wake" will find an echo in many a heart. There is already some talk of a second and third performance.